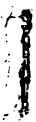




THE QUARTERLY

New Rochelle, N. Y.
December, 1940



In This Issue

In the frontispiece, a story, and a poem we have tried to capture and convey Christmas spirit.

The Christmas poem is *Second Shepherd*, the first contribution of Mary Johnston. It is an allegory on the coming of Christ that implies His promised second coming.

Ruth Fox, in *The Inheritance*, reveals the truth of living as a light of the harmony that comes once to every man.

The Ruled and the Rulers by Jean Sullivan expounds the philosophy of democracy, defining terms and rights and anticipating the future.

Dorothy Zwier has taken ethics, Catholicism, and Humanity and clothed them in the all-embracing vigor of lyrical narrative, colored with the perfection of biblical language. This is *Man*.

We hope we have contributed to your Christmas happiness, and, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us every one."

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Rita Maguire '41

One More Shepherd

Who stands on the crest of yon lonely hill,
His shoulder bent round with a heavy load?
He looks not to wold or cradled town,
But stands there alone with his head bowed down—
One man in the night on the dusty road.

The heavens above him are strangely bright,
But his boots are stiff and his shoulders sore.
In the dark and the cold he has traveled far,
And now from this hill he sees the star—
He is one more shepherd, come to adore.

But he leans on a gun, and not a staff,
And with bombs, not stars, are the skies alight.
He holds not a ewe nor a lamb on his back,
For his shoulders are bent 'neath a doughboy's pack,
And he stands in the dust on Christmas night.

Desolation is this, and nothing more,
You say with a sigh and turn to depart.
But tarry, stranger. Look deep in his eyes—
They hold the stars of a million skies,
For the Christ Child sleeps in the soldier's heart.

MARY B. JOHNSTON

Spires of Symbolism

—French Poetry in Half-Shades

JOAN CARSON

BY THE middle of the nineteenth century a group of the younger poets of France were beginning to rebel against the waning Romanticism of the age; against the colorful excitement so characteristic of de Vigny and de Musset, and the emotionally flamboyant work of Lamartine and Hugo. The Romanticists conveyed simple emotional concepts very fully, but said little that could not have been said as effectively in a few lines of prose. They thrived upon disillusion; and so, to some extent, did the Parnassians who wrote rich, massive poetry, drawing upon history and mythology for their inspiration. But now the poets of a new generation began to ripple the surface of French poetry over which the Romanticists and the Parnassians had been sitting like jealous gods since the beginning of the century.

The younger poets, becoming aware of common aims and methods, united under the name "Symbolist" to form a new school of poetry. The three pillars of the Symbolist school were Mallarmé, Rimbaud, and Verlaine; and in defining symbolism perhaps we should let Mallarmé speak for himself. "Poetic vision arises from suggestion." And there, in one sentence, we have one of the major principles of Symbolism. This doctrine was not a new one; lyrical poets have always used the tangible to symbolize an inner reality; but what was new was the universal and conscious cultivation of this method.

The aim of Symbolism was proclaimed in a famous manifesto which was published in *Le Figaro*: "Symbolist

SPIRES OF SYMBOLISM

poetry seeks to clothe the idea in a sensible form which, nevertheless, shall not be its final end and aim, but shall merely serve to express the idea which remains subjective." The Symbolist felt that his soul was fettered by the "heavy and the weary weight" of the objective world. He longed for freedom from the scientific, from the ever-present reality of the earth, the earth which to the Romanticists was the beginning and end of all art.

Paul Verlaine was in all probability the greatest of the early Symbolists. He too, spoke of the aims of Symbolism when he wrote:

*For we want ever half-shades,
Not color, nothing but shading.*

Verlaine does not attempt to clarify his poetry for the reader; his are the airy mystical songs of a child that need no explanation. In his poetry there is infinite pathos, and in this we find the secret of Verlaine's difference from the poets who preceded him, and his influence over those who followed him. He discards the heavy and glowing tones of the Romanticists, and yet he does not use the meticulously enameled verse of the Parnassians. "Let your verse come as it will," he wrote in *L'Art Poétique*, "let it be light, airy, fantastic, perfumed with the mood of the moment."

In Verlaine's haunting *Chanson d'Automne* we find a strange sob of longing,—one of the most poignant cries of loneliness in all modern French poetry:

*When a sighing begins
In the violins
Of autumn-song,
My heart is drowned
In the slow sound
Languorous and long.*

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*And I go
Where the winds know,
Broken and brief,
To and fro,
As the winds blow
A dead leaf.*

(Translated by Arthur Symons)

Freed from any relation to the plastic arts, Verlaine's poetry has a musical unity that is quite unique among his contemporaries. His ideal of beauty is not that of the Romanticists; he does not worship a Galatea as Baudelaire did when he wrote of beauty,

*Fair, . . . as a stone-carved dream, . . .
No movement mars the plastic line—I rest
With lips untaught to smile or eyes to stream.*

(Translated by Lord Alfred Douglas)

Instead, Verlaine seeks a beauty of magic and enchantment which he captures in the pale misty lines of his poems; and for whom he asks our sympathy rather than our admiration.

With the triumph of Symbolism toward the end of the century, we find another poet in the foreground, Henri de Regnier. His medium is the beautifully-wrought verse of the late Parnassians; and with this he combines faint echoes of the Greek and Latin lyricists. For his material, Regnier has drawn upon the traditional Hellenic legends, and brings a new grace and charm. Although he finds his inspiration in the ancient cultures, it is not to be imagined that he follows in the precise footsteps of the Neo-Classicists of the Renaissance; Symbolism has given him freedom from the traditional forms, and Greece and Rome have given him their mythology. These he combines with the skill and delicacy of a true poet. Regnier takes refuge in the legends of Hellenic Greece,

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and makes no attempt to reconcile them to the problems of his own times. He relies upon the safety of living in the past, and he tells us that ". . . the form, the fragrance and the beauty of things are the only memories from which one does not suffer." And again he says in a line of bitterness that is echoed and re-echoed throughout his work,

"The anguished earth has drunk the blood of dreams."

By the end of the nineteenth century Symbolism in its original form was fast crumbling away; and although the Romanticists and the Parnassians still had adherents, there was a definite tendency toward a new and more comprehensive classicism. This reaction against the freedom of form and the obscurity of much of the Symbolist poetry has not destroyed the creative impulse of symbolism which still exists in a modified form.

Today the dominating trend in French poetry is mysticism. This new movement has been hailed as another step toward the goal of perfection in expression; it has been built upon the ideal of the Symbolists, and so has transcended the Romanticists, and the Parnassians, as well as the Symbolists themselves. Mysticism is the poetry of the spirit. The poet no longer dwells upon introspection and self-interpretation; but has instead, become preoccupied with the relation which exists between God and man.

Paul Claudel is a leader of the school of Mysticism; he represents the Catholic reaction against the self-engrossment of the generation who came before him. Although Claudel's medium is the poetical drama, his talent functions independently of the audience; and so his dramas are often tantalizingly obscure. His work is full of imagery and music, and his sweeping lines are reminiscent of the Bible; and like the Bible, his characters whether saint-like or brutal, have

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one thing in common: they represent the many ascensions toward God. It has been said that, "The Deity, surrounded by the Catholic mysteries, is the central figure in M. Claudel's universe."

The poetry of Mysticism is more than a neat dovetailing of effective images; it is a returning to the old liturgy of worship without attempting to analyze or classify, a reminder that there are things which cannot be explained by geologists and astronomers. With the trend toward mysticism an artistic movement such as the world has not seen for many years has come to pass. Among the poets of France there has been a return to the faith, and the literary scene is less turbulent than it has been for a long time; some of the new poetry catches "the whirl of angels' wings", and it is the poets' dream that some day he can give to every landscape "its village church with a silver spire."



The Ruler and the Ruled

—The Vitality of Democracy

JEAN SULLIVAN

DURING the past few years, there have been increasing numbers of words spilled over the pages of our papers and periodicals about "democracy". We have heard it debated whether democracy can exist, what the future of our democracy will be, and we have been supplied with numerous cures (usually of the "quack" variety) for our "precarious" form of government. In the future, in an emergency situation, it will be even more necessary for us to have a clear concept of what democracy really means, for we cannot be expected to preserve something whose outlines are often fuzzy and blurred to us.

Much of the confusion arises from the uses and misuses of the word. It is an equivocal term that is current in diverse political theories—often used as "all things to all men". It has been employed to describe both an individualistic extreme that is really a denial of government, and an extreme that submerged both the state and the individual in such a thing as "the general will".

One of the first rules of argumentation is to define your terms, so to begin we must try to obtain a clear concept of what democracy should be. According to Webster, democracy is "a form of government in which the supreme power is retained by the people and exercised either directly or indirectly through a system of representation." So much for the definition; now to try to understand what it means.

It is natural for man to be a political and social animal,

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and to live in company with his fellows. This leads necessarily to the state that there must be some means by which the group may be governed. All peoples did not choose the same form of government, leaving us to debate the question of which is better, absolute or limited monarchy, true or representative democracy, a republic or totalitarian state.

Thus we see that the beginning of any type of government must have been in the declaration of the public will, any rights of the State came from the people, and all individuals possessed these rights equally. Men are born with these rights and retain them through their entire life, regardless of race, country, creed, sex, or economic condition. The State cannot deprive the individual of these rights.

We can best see the essential principles of American democracy in this thesis from the Declaration of Independence:

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.

In this passage by Jefferson, written one hundred and sixty-five years ago, is the sum total of our philosophy of democracy. In it we find two distinct and clearly defined principles. First, it asserts the natural rights of the indi-

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vidual, and secondly it sets forth the right of the people to govern themselves.

The end of the state is the common temporal good of all its members. This common good may be described as being all the external goods of soul and body, and the State is obliged to promote these external goods to an equitable and adequate degree, considering both the welfare of the whole and that of the various individuals.

Therefore, individual welfare is the ultimate, though not strictly the formal, object of the State. However, since it is neither desirable nor practicable for the State to provide for each individual as such, it must deal with men in groups, through their most important group relationships, as members of families and social classes.

From this it can be seen that the State is not morally unlimited, it may not do what it pleases. The State must always have as its principle the aim to enable men to attain the final good for which they came into the world. The State is not and never can be an end in itself—it is only the means to the end. The end must logically revolve about the individual, since the end must respond to the beginning—the final cause to the efficient cause.

Ethical principles which are fundamental to all government are those which flow from the nature and the end of man; they are as universal and immutable as the intellect of God upon which they depend. Therefore, ultimately the essential principle of democracy is the equality of man; only immediately, as it represents itself to us, is it party opposition. No man of himself has the right to rule his fellows; he rules only through delegated authority which, prior to being delegated, existed commonly in all.

From this is derived another principle of respect for

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minority rights. Every election, no matter how the votes are divided, is also unanimous. The elected represent the minority as well as the majority. This is an idea which apparently many of our South American neighbors have not grasped—witness being the post-election revolts of the defeated party. But on the other hand this cannot be interpreted to mean that our representatives are mere puppets to be jerked by the strings of their constituents. No! Elected representatives have true sovereignty of their own; the people have truly transmitted authority to them, and as long as representatives rule justly, they must be obeyed. Further, it may be the duty of the representative to act against the interests of his constituents on behalf of the greater interests of the whole nation.

Considered apart from the individuals composing it, the State is a mere abstraction; we must remember that freedom is not assured by the mere possession of certain institutions which we call free. Democracy, and the fate of democracy, lies within each one of us individually. We possess certain rights; we must protect those rights and further, since every right has a corresponding duty, we have the positive duty of respecting the rights of others.

The rule of the majority is no guarantee of freedom. Representative government is not freedom; it is a means to freedom, but it can also be a means to losing freedom. By this is meant that by our actions and those of the individuals we elect to office, we may lose this democracy. We make a mistake of looking upon democracy as a form or technique, instead of as an ideal with certain definite principles.

Representative government presupposes free will, personal responsibility, a conscience and a soul. True democracy is unthinkable except on the basis of moral obligations, freely

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admitted and freely pursued. If all life involves the making of choices, it is only by the choices we make that we can keep our democracy alive.

At any given moment, a government may be popular, efficient and competent, and yet by its conduct of affairs undermine civil liberties. We must have constitutional safeguards to our limits, and yet the law-giver does not write the law but discovers it within the broad framework of the natural law. The common good will be furthered in proportion as the laws of the state are in agreement with the laws of morality.

To allow the suppression of the civil liberties granted to us in the Bill of Rights is to destroy the foundation of democracy. The true American cannot refuse our established civil liberties to any group or organization, no matter what his feelings on their political philosophy. In this principle is contained the ultimate seed of discord—that a democracy must tolerate and protect within itself the force which seeks to destroy it. The only answer in accord with the principles of democracy and the rights of man, lies again within ourselves—in education and clear thinking so that our goals will be clearly defined, and we shall be sure and strong.

It is also true that the perfection of democracy in actual civil communities is something toward which human political activity must strive until the end of time, for any such perfection cannot be achieved here on earth. This should make men hopeful rather than disheartened because they will not conceive progress as purely the evolution of man, but the work of God in causing us to strive for a goal beyond us, to bring out the best that is in us.

It is true that a democracy cannot deal with matters as efficiently nor as competently as a totalitarian state. There is

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a waste resulting from the struggles between two or more parties. But this weakness is only relative and not absolute. The temporary weakness in the short time point of view is outweighed by the benefits of representative government, looked at from the long view.

We must guard against a political apathy which will cause our interest in popular government to decline. It has been observed that popular government has usually been sought, won and valued on account of grievances endured or benefits desired, and that when these objectives have been attained, the people lose interest in the government. It is a human failing to regard the far-off hills as the greenest, but it is one we shall have to regard with anxiety, for if our type of government fails, it will probably be due to this inability to fight for our heritage. If it is to save itself, democracy must work by regulating and strengthening itself, without destroying individual initiative.

Nothing is more common than to hear it said that if only we adhere to the forms of democracy, we shall have nothing to fear. It is said also that liberty and equality will be preserved and that our rights cannot be taken away. Yet the truth is that no form of government can be preserved simply by observing the form and not the spirit of the system. It is true that our perplexing problems can be solved, and must be solved, but they must be solved by men and not by a form or technique, through the spirit and not the letter of the law.

Man

DOROTHY ZWIER

“WE KNOW the way. We are strong. We are free,” the young men said. “We will rise to power and control a land and make it great. We will have honor and plenty. We will serve the King and marshal the people, pass the laws and levy taxes.”

They came to court after a little while, the three men. Tinon came first from the north, a counselor of great repute, yet he was still young. He was a tall man and wore a black beard to give him years of a wise dignity. He brought no wife, but a servant or two. He was a man who spoke words that fell deeply into the souls of men like a sweet rain upon a parched earth. His tongue was the liquid amber of honey because his mind was smooth and swiftly running. He saw himself in great places and in a great position; then he spoke of himself as there; and then he spoke again because he was there.

Balmar rose up from the east and travelled to court with a wife and train. He was a merchant who owned ships and slaves, fields and houses. He saw beauty in the profits they brought him though the beauty was only in a sail puffed taut-white by the wind, a wheat field cast a sea of rippling gold by the wind. He knew only that it was wind that launched his cargoes and then steered others home. He had curling brown hair and a small eye. He loved soft clothes and carefully he watched his wife as he watched his coffers. Men bowed to his bidding and longed for his place.

Chephus journeyed from the southland to the seat of the kingdom. His heart was fierce and proud; his mind teemed with visions of the glory and the power of a conqueror. He walked with a sword at his side which he often used with a bold and sweeping hand. The people of the roadways knew him, but he was not even a name to the great of the city.

Now Balmar came into the palace for he owned even more land than the King and was very wealthy; so the ruler feared him. Balmar was entertained and comfortable; he looked around and decided to stay. Tinon spoke in the streets, the inns and houses until the King heard of him and he was summoned. The King liked to hear Tinon talk because he imagined it was he, the King, who was propounding theories of state, who was confusing and convincing the ministers. The King needed Tinon, for he could not speak that way himself. Chephus came to fame when he and another traveller were robbed of their pieces of silver while they slept in an inn within the city gates. Chephus, the traveller, the landlord and two stable boys chased the robbers twenty miles and slew them all. Chephus also slew the landlord for having admitted the robbers to his hearth.

He came back to the city but the stable boys said he had murdered the inn-keeper and so he was brought to court. Balmar was interested because he thought, "There's a man to guard my treasures." Tinon looked at him and thought, "There's a man to command soldiers."

Because the King was a little man in mind, Balmar came to control the land's finances; Tinon was the counselor of the state; Chephus was the leader of the soldiers. The borders of the territory grew larger, and the tax returns grew greater. The splendor of the court bloomed more sumptu-

ously and the merchant took a second wife. The counselor's beard flowed longer now and was curled and perfumed so that it was soft and pleasant to stroke. The King spent happy days hunting in the hills while Chephus struck with his sword to gain more glory.

Pieces of silver, silver and copper, pieces of copper came from the hands of the people. When there was nothing more to give, many were sent into bondage and then they gave their sweat and blood. A rain and a flood ruined the crops. The land Chephus conquered could grow no food and the people of that land starved too. Balmar sent ships laden with chests of silver to buy grain. But the winds which should have steered the ships home sent them crashing into rocks and floating down to the bottom of the sea. The people cried to the three leaders and so Tinon spoke again and again. But his words echoed hollowly like a pebble striking water of a deep, drying well. Chephus and the King returned to the palace and the King said, "Did I not say once, 'Have you no thought of the people?' Now I say, have you no thought of God?"

The merchant counted the stores left to the palace; Chephus counted the men and the swords; Tinon lay upon a silken couch and thought of mighty speeches to put himself into sole power of the land. Outside the people were praying. "Let our King help us," they prayed; "He must help us. We need someone; let it be him. Remember us."

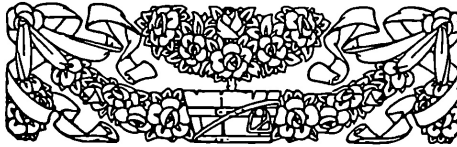
And the King wept that his people had come to ruin. He had thought the other men so much wiser than he. Once more he sent Tinon to speak as he never could have spoken because Tinon was a man more gifted than he. But the people would not listen to the orator, and they stoned him from the city and cursed him so he would never speak again.

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They came to see what silver and what grain remained within the palace. The King was saddened to find that Balmar had used his knowledge and his power of money so foolishly, for the merchant was far more gifted than the King in the art of finance. They drove the fat minister upon the highway of the west and cursed him to a whining beggar's misery. Chephus would not mind the King, so he tried to kill them one by one. But they were many and they seized his sword and shield. He was sent from the city, but he was bleeding and in pain for his two mighty hands lay still upon the market square with flies upon their palms and curses to help them rot. The King grew old as he pondered the strength of Chephus; the strength he, the King, had never had.

The King thought of the people and he thought of God. He prayed in his heart for the chance to help them this once. He silently prayed that he might use that of himself which was the best.

"We trust you, O King," the people cried.



Paul Laurence Dunbar

—Song of a race

CORNELIA GASPARI

“**I**N HIS song he has helped pave the way for a future for his race. He has hewn out a path, has trodden the ground for others to follow, and what was possible in his case is possible for others.” These words were spoken by Dr. W. S. Scarborough concerning Paul Laurence Dunbar—the Negro poet who gave a heritage to his race and a significance to its folklore.

Paul Dunbar embarked upon his career with all odds against him. Not only was he unable to attain the full amount of education he desired but he was also born into miserable poverty and in addition he had to battle severe race prejudice. Even without these barriers, it is difficult to achieve success at the comparatively young age of twenty-four. Yet that is what he did because he was truly a genius in his own right.

On June 27, 1872, in Dayton, Ohio, a son was born to Joshua and Matilda Dunbar. The father suggested “Paul” as a name for the child but his wife felt it was too old-fashioned. Mr. Dunbar’s formal response to this was “Matilda Madam, don’t you know that the Bible says Paul was a great man? This child will be great some day and do you honor.” The explanation was sufficient for the mother and the name was agreed upon. “Laurence” as a middle name was bestowed out of respect to a family friend. Mrs. Dunbar lived to see the fulfillment of her husband’s prophecy, but he died when his son was only twelve years old. How proud he would have been of his boy’s shining success!

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Financial conditions were in a deplorable state and Paul seized every opportunity of work offered him. His mother washed clothes for a living, and he did various chores in hotels whenever possible. After an unusually successful career in a high school where he was admired and respected for his poetic talent by the students, none of whom were colored, he had to consider his plans for the future. Immediate attendance at college was impossible because of his indigence, so that in the meantime his first concern would be to find employment. Through all this time his aspirations were turned primarily toward a literary career. After much perseverance and fortitude against race prejudice, he obtained a position as an elevator boy with a salary of four dollars a week. It was little, he knew, but it was something. He held firmly to his ideals and to his hopes, however, although he could not then know that his hour was soon to come. He kept writing poems—lyrics, tributes to men he admired, many in Negro dialect. With the help of friends, he privately published a sixty-two page book *Oak and Ivy* which appeared a little before Christmas, 1892. A delivery man who brought a large package of the books to his home wanted to know who this Dunbar was. "Is he a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher, or what?"

"Who? Paul?" his proud mother said. "Why, Paul is just an elevator boy, and—a poet."

The collection of poems included the "Ode to Ethiopia" in which the author speaks of the deep problems of his race and lauds its members for their courage. He is not ashamed of his forebears and does not make an attempt to brush aside the issue. Instead, he is proud and valiant in the face of scorn. From this poem mentioned we have the closing stanza—

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

*Go on and up! Our souls and eyes
Shall follow thy continuous rise;
Our ears shall list thy story
From bards who from thy root shall spring,
And proudly tune their lyres to sing
Of Ethiopia's glory.*

In this same vein of expressing the troubles of his people was the poem "We Wear the Mask" which appeared in his second book, *Majors and Minors*, published early in the new year of 1895. The cry of a tortured people is heard in:

*We smile, but O great Christ, our cries
To Thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dream otherwise,
We wear the mask.*

In *Oak and Ivy*, the influence of Russell and of James Whitcomb Riley was perceived. The author, too, was aware of this; but the book also contained much that was individual. As Benjamin Brawley says, in his biography *Paul Laurence Dunbar—Poet of His People*, "In general, while *Oak and Ivy* contained several pieces that suggested the imitation of popular authors, it also contained more than one poem that went beyond promise and reached fulfillment."

Dunbar always worked industriously and from a prolific mind he produced a staggering number of poems in a lifetime of less than thirty-four years. He did not confine himself to verse, however, but also composed short stories and even novels. There were four of the latter—*The Love of Landry* (1900), *The Fanatics* (1901), *The Sport of Gods* (1902), and *The Uncalled* (1908). With the exception of

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the third book mentioned, none of these deals primarily with colored people and none of the four tasted too great a success. His short stories were concerned mainly with the circumstances and interesting incidents of the Negro. But he wrote also many sketches and articles, several of which were contributed to *Lippincott's Magazine*. It may be well to mention here that Dunbar gained a great deal of his reputation by the personal contact he made with people through his recitals. These were begun in his late teens and were encouraged by friends who recognized his gift. It was not unusual, therefore, for him to appear on a public platform and to deliver his compositions in his own unaffected manner. This practice had to be stopped when he felt his health failing and realized the tremendous strain to which he was subjecting himself.

Dunbar's dialect poems contain many attributes. They are realistic enough even though the writer never lived in the completely Negro areas; many are humorous, and some are sentimental—a few of these bordering on the maudlin. There can be no doubt, nevertheless, that they have a distinct appeal and an entertaining quality. The rhythm and charming thought of "Lonesome" afford very pleasant reading.

*Mother's gone a-visitin' to spend a month er two,
An' oh, the house is lonesome ez a nest whose birds has flew
To other trees to build agin; the rooms seem jest so bare
That the echoes run like sperrits from the kitchen to the stair.
The shetters flap more lazy-like'n what they ust to do,
Sence mother's gone a-visitin' to spend a month er two.*

"When Malindy Sings" is said to have been inspired by the poet's mother whose name was Matilda. It enjoyed great

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

renown and delighted the hearts of many. The opening stanza is—

*G'way an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy—
Put dat music book away;
What's de use to keep on tryin'?
Ef you practice twell you're gray,
You cain't sta't no notes a-flyin'
Lak' de ones dat rants and rings
F'om de kitchen to de big woods
When Malindy sings.*

In *Harper's Weekly*, William Dean Howells devoted almost an entire page of review to the young Negro poet's work while the latter was still striving to gain recognition. It was here that the critic made the enduring comparison between Dunbar and Burns which is yet discussed today. Surely the poetry of the younger man is as sincere although perhaps he is not so great as his predecessor. To quote Mr. Howells: "I do not think one can read his Negro pieces without feeling that they are of like impulse and inspiration with the work of Burns when he was most Burns, when he was most Scotch, when he was most peasant." He felt that just as Burns was not typical when writing in literary English, so Dunbar is more himself expressing his thoughts in dialect. Mr. Howells, nevertheless, praised Dunbar as a real poet regardless of the language form he used.

Some of Dunbar's philosophy, perhaps, is revealed in his beautiful "Ere Sleep Comes Down to Soothe the Weary Eyes." A more studied verse form is utilized and it is said to have drawn the attention of the cultured class.

*Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,
How questioneth the soul that other soul—*

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*The inner sense which neither cheats nor lies,
But self exposes unto self, a scroll
Full writ with all life's acts unwise or wise,
In characters indelible and known;
So, trembling with the shock of sad surprise,
The soul doth view its awful self alone,
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.*

Also expressing his views on existence is his poem "Life" which, incidentally, has been set to music by Mrs. Mary Turner Salter. It begins with an oft-quoted line, in a rather morose tone—

*A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come double;
And that is life!*

Though filled with love and sorrow, joy and suffering, Dunbar's short life was on the whole a happy one and one which contributed greatly in manifesting the potentialities of his race to a biased world. His untimely death early in 1906 was a cause of grief to intimate acquaintances and friends who knew him only through his talent. His poetry had developed into somewhat of a vogue and his death resulting from a prolonged illness was mourned by many. Dunbar has carved for himself a prominent niche in the hall of American literature and is still deserving of it. In "Compensation," which is often called his "swan-song," he is aware of his impending death and is grateful for God's gift of eternal rest; especially since the flame of his love has been extinguished.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

*Because I had loved so deeply,
Because I had loved so long,
God in His great compassion
Gave me the gift of song.*

*Because I have loved so vainly,
And sung with such faltering breath,
The Master in infinite mercy
Offers the boon of Death.*

But perhaps the poem which embodies the most exquisitely delicate lines is "When All Is Done." It is Dunbar at his lyrical best and is typical of his poignant expression and attitude regarding life. It concludes—

*When all is done, say not my day is o'er
And that thro' night I seek a dimmer shore:
Say rather that my morn has just begun—
I greet the dawn and not a setting sun,
When all is done.*



Inheritance

—To every man, a light

RUTH FOX

THE people of the village were gathered in the square to sing the carols. Of all the customs of a Ukrainian Christmas, this was the one they clung to most devotedly. The children, overcome with the anticipation of the next day's festivity, danced about in the snow before the carollers bright as sun-beams and as unconscious of the world around them. From the square, the people moved on to sing beneath the lighted windows of the village. It was almost dark, and the stars that were blinking in the frosty sky seemed to be only the reflections of the candles that glowed in the hands of the carollers.

Every year there was a minor dispute among the officials of the village. It was difficult to decide what house should have the honor of being serenaded first. But this year the question was easier to solve. Community etiquette demanded that the *barin* Karanevsky be the honored one. After all, argued the chief-of-police to the head clerk, who favored the judge, the *barin* had only come from Petersburg six months ago, and so had never spent Christmas among them. It was true that he was rarely seen in the village, but he had more money than any other landowner they knew of, and rumor had it that he had once been invited to a ball by the czar, and had danced with the czar's niece. This decided the issue.

They gathered outside the great, cold house on the outskirts of the town and sang. One of them played the violin; another, the flute.

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Inside the house, Nikolay Karanevsky sat alone and listened. There was a feebly-burning fire in the grate, and it cast grotesque shadows of Karanevsky's head on the wall behind him. The room was cold, almost bleak, and the faint glimmer of the fire made it seem colder and emptier. For nearly ten minutes Nikolay listened to the carols. Then he went to the window and closed it. Now he could hear only the high notes of the flute. He sat down again and tried to forget about the carolling. But even though he could not hear it, the haunting joy in the voices taunted him for his own unhappiness.

Karanevsky could not have named what was in his heart. Other men, speaking of what they did not know, called it loneliness, but the word was neither exact nor adequate. Nikolay's loneliness was not the sadness of being without someone or something. It was the loneliness of a man who had ceased to believe that there was any goodness or happiness in the world. It was the emptiness of a life that had no reason for being. The pain of it was like a shadowy phantom that walked close to his side so that he could hear its steps, and yet could never reach out and grapple with it. Sometimes it would hide itself for awhile, and lie in wait until Nikolay cried, "I am free!" Then it would spring back to his side, and beckon with a mocking finger down the long roads that led to despair. Once he had turned to other men for help, but he had found them false and gradually he lost the power to approach them. Then he had turned fiercely on himself, and had torn his soul out into the cruel light of introspection to look at it. Nothing ever came of that but greater suffering. Now he was finished with even the desire to find the happiness that did not exist for him. He had spent twenty years of his life searching for it, and they had

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been cruel years, filled with the disappointments of half-hopes that are worse than despair. Against his will, he thought of the night twenty years ago when he had begun the search. He would blot out the last trace of that night from his mind if he could. But it was a cloying ghost that forced him to remember. . . .

It was 1866 then, and Nikolay was a student at Budapest. He lived alone in a large, but rather dark apartment near the University. He had been in Budapest for six years and during these years, no one had ever been invited to these rooms. For the more solitary a life he led, the more he demanded solitude. His fellow students were puzzled by this Russian whom they called "the hermit" when he was not there to hear, but who joined in their revolting escapades wholeheartedly, yet so dispassionately that they were almost aghast at times. They could not follow the trend of his mind that made him pay for their drinks, and even their gambling debts, yet turn them away when they came, like beggars.

One night—it was Christmas Eve—a party had gone to the French cafe on the right bank of the river. That was the night that Nikolay met Stavronov. It was just after the students had ordered their drinks and had begun to sing riotously that he saw him. At the other end of the room, a man sat alone and watched him. The man's eyes were dark and commanding; Nikolay tried to ignore them haughtily, but in spite of himself he was forced to turn and look into them curiously. The man rose and walked towards the door. Nikolay understood that he was to follow although not the slightest gesture had been made. Furious at himself for doing so, he took his hat and cloak and went out into the street. The two walked together in silence for a few minutes. Then

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the man said in Russian, "You were glad of an excuse to leave, were you not, Nikolay Fyodorovitch?"

Nikolay started. "I have not heard that language or that method of address for six years," he said in German.

"I have not used them for twenty," said the man.

They had come to the square near the University, where the streetlights cast gold shadows on the snow. Under one of them Nikolay stopped and looked closely at his companion. The man was at least twenty years older than he. When he smiled there was a touch of indefinable beauty in his face that made Nikolay wish that the man had come to him years before. But he said coldly, "Ten minutes ago I would have laughed at the idea of leaving my friends and following a stranger into the street. Now I think I shall laugh again. If you have any business with me, please state it briefly."

"My business with you is simple enough," said the man; "I wanted to talk to you. But I don't think the cold is very conducive to conversation." He shivered slightly. "Your lodgings are near, I think? Shall we go to them?"

Nikolay looked at him for a minute. Then without a word he turned and led the way to his house. Inside the man laughed and said, "So this is the *sanctum*! May I ask why you are so averse to receiving visitors here?"

"I think I could answer that to your satisfaction if I cared to," said Nikolay. "The question I cannot answer to my own is my reason for bringing you here."

The man laughed again. "I have violated convention long enough," he said. "Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Stavronov-Pyotr Alexandrovitch Stavronov. I am Russian by birth, English by choice, and I live in Navarre, or at least I have lived there until recently."

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Nikolay bowed stiffly. "I am—," he began. "Don't trouble," interrupted Stavronov. "You are Nikolay Fyodorovitch Karanevsky, Russian by birth, and apparently Hungarian by choice."

"You're quite well informed about me," said Nikolay indicating a chair to his visitor. "I suppose I ought to be flattered."

"No," said Stavronov thoughtfully. "I know your name and your father's. But as to you—."

Nikolay said abruptly, "I have some rather good brandy—1828." He reached for the decanter. The man took a glass from him. There was a strained silence.

To break it Nikolay said, "You say you are English by choice? Yet you have been living in Navarre. That shows little love for the country of your choice."

"I left England some years ago with my wife. Navarre is sunnier and she needed sun. After she died there was nothing to keep me there. Now I am trying—," he stopped as though he were looking for the right word, "—the Hungarian climate."

"And how do you enjoy the climate," asked Nikolay with malicious emphasis on the last word.

"It's not too different from the climate of Navarre."

"You are alone in that opinion," said Nikolay. He poured himself another glass of brandy nervously. The situation was stupid. Why had he brought this man to his rooms in the first place, and why should he sit listening to his chatter about climates. He leaped to his feet suddenly and stood facing Stavronov.

"Since our acquaintance was begun so informally, I will not hesitate to end it in the same way. I believe others

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have told you that I am not accustomed to receive visitors here."

"Others have told me what they knew about you. And when I saw your face I understood what they meant." He rose. "I shall go if you like, but I did not come here to talk about the relative climates of Navarre and Budapest."

Nikolay wanted to walk to the door and open it, but he did not. "Sit down," he said, "and say what you have to say."

"I only wanted to know," Stavronov said, "why you are unhappy?"

The clock on the wall struck twelve. Nikolay started at the metallic chime, and turned to stare at the pendulum absently. There was no sound in the room but the ticking.

"Why do you ask me that?" he said at last in a voice unlike his own. "I do not know the answer." This is not what I should say, he insisted to himself. I should order him out of the house like a servant; or kill him for asking that question when I am afraid to ask it myself.

Stavronov said, "You know I was surprised to find that the toy-shops here are so much better than the Parisian ones. I found a most appealing dog for my son's birthday."

The man spoke nervously. Nikolay saw that in this artificial introduction of his son into the conversation, Stavronov had begun to say what he wanted to.

"You have a son?"

"Yes, he is four years old today."

"Where is he?" asked Nikolay.

"In Paris, living with an aunt. Does that strike you as being cruel on my part?"

Nikolay's lips curled somewhat disdainfully. "The

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question of fatherly devotion is one in which I have very little interest."

"And I—," Stavronov hesitated, and for the first time Nikolay saw that he was uncertain of his footing. "I have searched the world in its interest." He was silent for a minute. Then he got up and began pacing in front of the fireplace nervously. "You think that there is a vast difference between you and me. I see that in your face now. But it is because we have known so much of each other's sorrow that I first made you follow me tonight. In your heart you must realize that, or you would not listen to me as you are doing. When I was as young as you, I too had searched for happiness, and given up. But I have a son. And from the first moment that I looked at him, I vowed that he would never suffer in his life as I have suffered in mine." He stood for a moment looking out of the window, his back to Nikolay. Then he went on in a lower voice. "I despaired, even as you are despairing, because my life was empty, and purposeless—because there was nothing that was worthy of being lived for. But I know there is something now! And I knew it because with every fiber of my being I am crying out for it. No man could so desire what does not exist."

He turned slowly and faced Nikolay. "You may laugh if you like when I tell you that for five years I have been searching the world for the secret of happiness."

Nikolay rose and walked to the window. When he spoke hope and despair were coupled in his voice. "And what have you found?"

"I have found nothing yet. Whatever I touched crumbled even as I cried out in exaltation that I had found it. But I shall go on until I do find it—that I promise you!"

Nikolay felt the dull ache that was always in his heart

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grow sharper. He wanted to speak, to say many things he had never said before. But he could not. "And how does all this concern me?" he muttered at last.

"When I saw your face I remembered myself twenty years ago. And then I remembered that in twenty years my son will be your age. So you see, you are the link that joins us, and if I were to learn the secret, and if he were to learn it, so should you." Stavronov stopped, and made a slight gesture of helplessness. "Oh how badly I have said all this to you. But time is short. I leave here tomorrow for Paris, and so we shall not meet again for awhile. But if I ever do find what I am looking for, you must find it too."

Nikolay's heart was flaming now, but his voice was still cold. What he said surprised him. "You are a fool."

"Yes— I am a fool."

"And why do I, who have never even trusted myself, trust a fool, as I do you?"

Outside, the bells began to ring, mellow and full-throated. The two stood listening. At that minute there was a sympathy between them that vibrated through their hearts, as the bells vibrated through the room. Then the bells were silent, and the moment was gone.

"It is Christmas Eve," said Nikolay. "I had forgotten."

"Yes, it is Christmas Eve, and all over the world men are praying to their God, even as those people who are passing your window on their way to church."

Nikolay sighed and turned from the window. "People who have drugged themselves into a pseudo-happiness at the cost of playing hypocrites to their own mind."

"They are happy tonight I think, because they say it was love that brought them this day."

"Love?" said Nikolay bitterly. "Does any one really

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love? If I could find one person in the whole world that did, I would believe in the word!"

Stavronov was silent for a minute. Then he said, "I must go. Goodbye." He moved towards the door. Nikolay turned to him fiercely. For the first time he spoke without restraint. "Go? Why did you come at all if you are to go now? What am I to do? Curse you for ever coming to me with your dreams and your promises? Or kiss your foot-prints when you've gone? How shall I go on now that you have awakened the craving of my heart for happiness that was dead before you came?"

He had seized Stavronov's arm, and he clung to it like a child that is afraid to be left alone in the dark. Stavronov covered his hand with his own. "Do only what I am doing—search!"

"But I shall never find it—never in men! I am beyond the pale of men now, and I shall never get back."

"Then I shall find it for you. I shall find it and give it to you, if it takes one year, or five years, or twenty years! never doubt that! If we are at the separate ends of the earth, I will find you and give it to you!"

He disengaged his arm gently and went out of the room. The door closed behind him quietly. Outside the bells began to ring again. . . .

Nikolay had not seen Stavronov again, and twenty years had passed since that night. The silence in the room suddenly became intolerable. He jumped up and flung open the door. The singers were gone. As he turned back to the house, Nikolay heard a faint rustling in the direction of the stable. He walked towards it curiously in time to see a figure dart out from behind a tree and move towards the road.

"Who's there!" he called peremptorily.

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The figure stood hesitantly for a minute, and then approached him. It was a man, and, looking at him, Nikolay was surprised. "You don't look like a thief. Are you one?" he asked. The man was young, vibrantly young, and when he spoke it was with the voice of the drawing-rooms of Europe. "I am not one, but I wish I were."

"That's an odd wish," Nikolay said.

"Not so odd as you may think. If I were caught as a thief, I would undoubtedly be put in prison. But if I am caught for what I am, it will be the gallows and nothing less! Still," he went on unconcernedly, "if they hang me it will clear up my mind on a point that has escaped me for twenty-four years! Do they pull you up, or drop you down?" He grinned, but seeing Nikolay's face he was serious. "My humor is a little morbid, but—."

Nikolay recovered himself. "Why do you stand here in the open. Come inside before someone sees you!"

He led the way to the house. Inside the man sat wearily before the fire. "After a day in your hay-loft, I am grateful for this fire—not that you haven't a comfortable hay-loft!"

"A day!" said Nikolay in surprise. "You were there all day? Why didn't you come into the house before this?"

"The temptation was strong after my walk from the borders of your neighboring province, but then you might have been the friend, or the brother, or the cousin of our estimable governor. In fact—you still might be."

"I have just arrived from Petersburg, and so I have no notion of who your governor is or why you are afraid of him." He scrutinized the man closely. "Why are they looking for you?"

"That's a long story and one that you will perhaps find stupid. But you have a right to know whom you are enter-

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taining." He smiled. "Set your mind at rest. I am not a murderer, or a thief, or even a poor little pick-pocket."

"I did not think you were," said Nikolay quietly.

"The fact is, our good governor has taken rather an unreasonable dislike to me, and has me hopelessly confused with some idiots who are printing a lot of pamphlets these days, as stupid as themselves, and who will probably do a lot of harm to Russia in the not too distant future."

"You don't look like a nihilist either."

"The governor must think I do. You see when I came to this place a month ago, the communal government was in a bit of trouble, and frightfully in debt to the good Mihail Antonyevitch. You know the sort of men who run it—they're still peasants, even serfs. The emancipation was only seven years ago. Well, I thought I'd have a talk with the good man about it, and since the money that disappeared had paid all his recent roulette failures for him, he didn't welcome the interference. So, of course he hit upon this nihilist idea, and by some strange coincidence, on the same day he signed a declaration to the effect that anyone engaging in subversive activities would learn all the fine points of hanging—without a trial. Martial law and all that sort of unpleasantness, you know. Well I made a hasty exit, much to his excellency's disappointment."

"Why did you do it?" said Nikolay hotly. "You must have known it would end like this!"

"Yes," said the man softly. "I knew."

"Then—"

"Then why? Somebody had to. There was a chance for them. I knew there was a chance. I took it. That's all."

"What difference did it make to you whether a handful of peasants got cheated or not? What were you doing with

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them at all?" He spoke angrily, hardly understanding his own irritation.

"Oh—I arrived here from Paris, and before that Germany, and China even. I've forgotten them all. The traveling is just a part of my occupation—although that's a stupid word for it. And the first part of your question—well you see, that *is* my occupation. You don't understand me, do you?" he added.

"No, I don't understand you."

The man got up and began pacing in front of the fireplace. "It's hard to explain it, and perhaps foolish to try. But, you see, while those men are being cheated, and trampled on, and unhappy, I can't sit in front of a fire and count my blessings. Because every time one of them suffers, I suffer as surely as I would if I were actually he." He stood still now, and spoke quickly. "I can't shut my eyes to the suffering of other men, because I *am* other men! Oh, how can I say it so that it makes sense! If I don't love, love them enough to give up everything for them, and even die for them, I don't belong to the pale of the living at all." Nikolay started. "And the degree of happiness that comes to me on earth is dependent on how much a part I am of the pale of the living! That's the secret of everything, I think," he finished softly.

"The secret of everything," murmured Nikolay. He said nothing for a moment. Then he almost shouted. "But how! How can this universal love you believe in be the secret of everything when men hate each other and kill each other, now and always—and you know they do! How can you look at a world like this and say that there is love in it!"

He was on his feet now. The man looked at him in sur-

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prise. Then he said softly, hardly knowing why he said it, "Who are you? You are not like other men."

Nikolay turned away from him and walked to the window. His voice was muffled. "Why do you ask me that? I do not know the answer. I am a shadow among men, not a man. There is no life for me, and no reason for life. My very existence is a farce, for I am nothing, and less than nothing, and still less than that!"

"Nothing and less than nothing—," the man repeated. "But you—you are a man! And so in every other man, and in every other thing that is alive, and even in the earth under your feet there is a reason for life!" His voice rose for the first time. "Why do you say that you are nothing? Are there not ten thousand billion of you? What does it matter if there are some men in the world that are fools, and therefore hate other men, and kill them? You don't think they are happy, do you? They are you too; and if you love them, you will be that much richer in yourself. Oh don't say that is no life for you! There is more life than you can live!"

Outside the house there was singing again, as the villagers walked past it back to the square. The man went to the window and opened it. "Listen," he said. "Do you hear that? That's happiness, and not only theirs. That's two thousand years of happiness. And they are happy tonight because they are singing of the greatest love that has ever been in anyone's heart."

"Do you believe what they are singing too?" asked Nikolay in a voice that was half-bitter and half-compassionate.

The man turned. "If I didn't, everything I've said would be a lie. They know it tonight—," he pointed to the peasants. "They know they love each other and the earth they plough, and the reason they do is that there is a God

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who made them and the earth, and who loves them and the earth. There's a mathematical perfection in that love."

Nikolay walked over to the window and looked out. "Where did you learn all this?" he asked.

The man smiled. "It was told to me when I was a child—told to me sometimes with tears, and sometimes with laughter."

"Who told it to you?"

"My father."

The fire leaped up suddenly, and the light of it fell on his face. Nikolay looked into his dark eyes that were soft, and commanding; and when the man smiled at him, there was an indefinable beauty in his face. Nikolay tried to speak, but his voice caught in his throat.

"My father died when I was seventeen," said the man. "That day he said to me what he had many times before—only I never really understood it until then. 'I have given you what most men must find for themselves. All men are searching for the secret of happiness. Some will find it easily; some will find it after they have looked for a long time. But some will never find it for themselves. To those men, I leave you as their inheritance. Seek them out! Do not rest until you have found them, even if only one you find, even if it takes one year, or five years, or twenty years in finding that one!'"

There was a clatter of spurs on stones and a pounding on the heavy knocker. Neither Nikolay nor the man moved. The footman came in from the kitchen and moved towards the door. Nikolay sprang forward to stop him. The man caught his arm as he passed.

"No—don't! There's a death penalty here for harboring a criminal."

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"No, I won't let you—", began Nikolay, struggling with the man. The door burst open, and six soldiers stamped into the room. The man who was their captain approached Nikolay.

"Is this your house?" he said roughly.

"It is," answered Nikolay.

"Do you know what's in the law? . . ."

The man stepped forward. "Come, come, since you're here, we're wasting words. We mustn't keep his excellency waiting," he said to the soldier hurriedly. Then he turned to Nikolay and said loudly. "Sir, I have the honor to inform you that you have been entertaining an escaped criminal!" He bowed lithely. "And now," he said to the soldier, "if you will permit me to bid goodbye to my unwitting host—"

"I'm going with you—," began Nikolay in a whisper.

"No," said the man, "that would be a waste of lives. I am going to die—and I have no time to make a death-bed speech. But what my father said to me, I say to you. Most men have to find it for themselves—and some never will. Remember that—."

He walked quickly to the door and bowed slightly to the captain. "Shall we go?" The five soldiers went out into the drive. The man and the captain followed them. On the threshold Stavronov turned to Nikolay.

"At last, I shall find out how they do it!" he said. The door closed behind him. Outside the bells began to ring.

The Growth of a Laugh

—Catharsis of the Mind

DOROTHY ZWIER

MANY long years ago before any of us even thought about being very young, little girls spent their normal playtime in the careful indoor art of stitching samplers. They cross-stitched and feather-stitched all sorts of things—even to American flags, Home Sweet Home, and the popular adage, "Laugh and the World Laughs with You, Weep and You Weep Alone."

In this last lies the crux of our tale—the word "laugh" and the very comforting, companionable guarantee of the world's sociability toward us when we are in such a posture. What the little girls probably never realized when they embroidered the latter half of the statement was the proximity of the two responses. They are instinctive, native responses of human beings; babies laugh and cry long before they talk.

Laughter is a physical, just as much as an intellectual response to a pleasant or an unpleasant stimulus which is received playfully. The most natural form of laughter is that of children while they are at play. The atmosphere is free from all fear and restraint, a fact which would tend to disprove the theory that all laughter is a "relief" from fear.

The adult is an important factor in determining the laughter of children, as was noticed particularly in the Yale laboratory tests. The children responded to the words, smiles, touch, and tickling of their mothers; in contrast, they emitted wails of displeasure to greet the unfamiliar person.

According to Professor C. W. Valentine of the Univer-

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sity of Birmingham, England, there are eight stages and reasons for infant laughter. First, laughter was noted at thirty-nine days and was for food; at ten weeks it was induced by tickling and in imitation of mother and father. A bright object at twelve weeks made the child laugh, and at eighteen weeks a simple, non-painful shock or surprise evoked the same response. At six months of age laughter could be evoked, and the child responded to repetition and imitation of his own actions. A month later he laughed at "intellectual surprises", the sound of his father speaking in falsetto voice; he laughed as he recognized a familiar person. From eight to twelve months he enjoyed his own accomplishments—his ability to stand alone, for instance. At one year he was already beginning to laugh at the mild discomfort of others.

In a more general manner, the types of laughter change when the child changes the viewpoint of infancy, when he laughs at his own powers, to that of the nursery stage or laughter of pretense. Later it is laughter at absurdities or oddities, but only because he knows the customary first. Self-predicament and understanding of self are subsequent periods.

There is a distinction between laughter, which is a social expression of pleasure, and comic laughter, which is a specific adaptation to playful shocks and frustrations. In both these responses play is an essential note because it is fundamentally a "socio-physiological state or posture of instinctive life". Therefore it is not only what we do, but also what we are while we are doing it. McDougall substantiates this idea: there is "some special differentiation of the instincts which find expression in playful activity".

Indeed, playfulness is the primary requisite in the perception of the funny, of anything comic. If you are not

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"feeling in fun" there will be nothing humorous in a cartoon, a pun, a joke; or even in the image of A. A. Milne's Winnie-the-Pooh as he is waiting outside Piglet's house and the thought of a "Hum" pops into his head:

*The more it
Snows-tiddely-pom,
The more it
Goes-tiddely-pom
The more it
Goes-tiddely-pom
On
Snowing.
And nobody
Knows-tiddely-pom,
How cold my
Toes-tiddely-pom
How cold my
Toes-tiddely-pom
Are
Growing.*

At any rate, the second element in the perception of the funny is that there is something unpleasant, or that which we would regard as unpleasant if we were serious, super-sensitive, sufficiently concerned. There are two ways in which things can be unpleasant: they can offend sensibility; they can frustrate impulses. Philosophers have couched this idea in two different ways. Aristotle has defined the comic as "some defect or ugliness which is not painful or destructive; for example, the comic mask is ugly and distorted, but does not cause pain." To Immanuel Kant, the cause of laughter was "The sudden transformation of a

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strained expectation into nothing"—or reaching after something and finding nothing there. ("Nothing" in the sense that the something you might find would not be identified with the thing for which you are reaching.)

For Hegel, laughter was the repercussion of Image on Idea when they came to be separated. Hobbes regarded laughter as a feeling of superiority; Pascal, as disproportion. Lameunais considered it "one of the images of evil"; for Fabre it was a human accident.

For as many authoritative psychologists as there are, so there are interpretations of laughter. While Gregg bases all laughter on the instinct of love, Bergson asserts it is purely intellectual, with not a glint of feeling. Along comes Ludovici propounding the theory of derision—that man's laughter is a "spiritualized" manifestation of the snarl, the "showing of teeth" of animals when they expressed their feelings of hostility or superiority. (Max Eastman wonders about the face of the cow in such a situation. So do we.) Freud identifies comic pleasure with release from adult inhibitions, the inhibitions causing stores of psychic energy. The stronger the impulse inhibited, the stronger the liberation. And the two impulses of man are the sexual and the aggressive. Freud asserts that the child "lacks all feeling for the comic." He finds no humor in the playful nonsense of children; he makes all humor furtive.

We bow in deference to Max Eastman's suggestion that these gentlemen should merely watch a baby. Babies show laughter at its source. The expression of pleasure is social; the manifestation of comic laughter is a specific adaptation to playful shocks and frustrations with an individual feeling. Babies do not laugh *at* but *in* a funny situation. The comic sense in children is more active, less discriminating than in

THE GROWTH OF A LAUGH

adults. It has been discovered through tests that comic reaction was greatest in fourth grade children, less in seventh, least in adult groups.

One cannot speak of pure laughter in adults. Adults laugh at something which has a "point". It may be a pun, an under-or-overstatement, an exaggeration, a parody, a cartoon. That which evokes the laughter is wit, irony, sarcasm, the risqué. It is humor which is a growth of laughter, humor which is an understanding of people, humor which is an interpretation of life.

Just as laughter is the beginning of humor, so the end is nearer to tears. The humorist, James Thurber, writes: "Humor is a kind of emotional chaos told about calmly and quietly in retrospect. . . . People can laugh out of a kind of mellowed self-pity as well as out of superiority. Human dignity, the humorist believes, is not only silly but a little sad. So are dreams and conventions and illusions. The fine brave fragile stuff that men live by. They look so swell, and go to pieces so easily. You know that hysterical laugh that people sometimes get in the face of the awful. Maybe it's the rock-bottom of humor. Anyway it exists."

But after all the contemplation, speculation and experimentation upon man and his laugh, in thinking of all this, we'll take Voltaire's observation: "Those who know why the kind of joy that excites laughter pulls back toward the ears the zyomatic muscle—one of the thirteen muscles of the mantle—are learned indeed."

Soul's Cry

Oh, let me live forever in the dark!
My eyes are nothing now but sightless slaves.
Or let me enter in that shadow bark
That carried Dante through the Lethe waves.

Morpheus does not come in dreams by day;
Phoebus is not so fair as Pluto's wife;
Let me but sleep my weariness away,
And sleeping, die, and so be free of life.

Fettered in chains of mist my spirit lies;
So would I rest, no longer prey to fears,
With only darkness stretched before my eyes,
And only silence ringing in my ears.

Yet even in that cataclysmic peace
I see the outline of the radiant Face
Of half-feared Hope that cries for my release
And lifts me to the skies in Its embrace.

RUTH FOX

On Martha

—The Classic Duster

JOAN FALLON

PILLARS of society, like string-savers, doodlers, button collectors, knitters, and cross-word puzzlers have been pampered too long. The time has come for the champions of Martha to raise their banners and sing their hymns of praise. The time has come for that intrepid domestic, that implacable enemy of dust and disorder, that symbol of neatness and industry—in short—for Martha to come into her own. By Martha we do not mean the housewife, who is quite capable of her own defense, but the academic Martha, the Martha of boarding school. To her do we turn with compassion for her problems are incalculable. She is beset with difficulties which may only be comprehended by a thorough study of Martha in action.

First, watch her approach the cleaning closet wherein lurk the tools with which she is to pursue her noble task. Watch her open the door and watch her felled to the floor with a barrage of mops, brushes, dustpans, and brooms which someone has piled precariously just inside the door. She is stunned with surprise and pain, and as she lies on the floor amid the welter of cleaning implements, she is reluctant to continue her cleaning, but the call of duty triumphs in the end.

When the time has come to dust, Martha may choose from a variety of dust rags. She may use hosiery, wisps of kleenex, face-cloths, or, if pressed for time, a lusty whistle. It is all a matter of taste.

There is a certain technique aspired to by all Marthas

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in the matter of handling articles that obstruct mopping of the floor. Articles such as suitcases, hat boxes, or shoes-under-the-bed are carefully lifted from place to place with breathless care and restored to their original location with the same breathless concern. Thus no dirt is disturbed in the process, and dust-laden suitcases may gaze at their reflections in immaculate floors.

No study of Martha in action is complete without mention of those helpful friends who gambol in and out of the room wherein she labors, scattering the fruits of her toil with gay abandon, and uttering bright quips about the density of the dust and the last time she cleaned "which was two months ago, wasn't it?" To this subject pertains the story of the horrible nightmares experienced by one Martha who one day in active pursuit of her duty was thoughtlessly told by an interested observer that, theoretically, the dust she was mopping up was the decayed bones of her ancestors. This was an unfortunate remark for it resulted in a resolution on the part of the said Martha never to brandish another mop as long as she lived.

Lest we forget, there is another phase of room-cleaning which in the eyes of less assiduous cleaners might well be omitted as too paltry to mention. But full many a time has the corridor resounded with an agonized shriek from an overworked Martha. Full many a time have anxious friends rushed into a spotless room and found this unfortunate girl beating her head in anguish upon the floor. In answer to their solicitous query as the cause of her grief, with sorrow inexpressible has dear Martha raised a haggard face and a still more haggard finger and pointed to a clean and gleaming room and then with a protracted shudder at a knick-knack rack leering from the wall, shrouded and forgotten

DANTE TO BEATRICE

beneath a blanket of dust. To a mind clouded with sympathy whispers the old saying, "Whom the gods destroy, they first drive mad!"

If Martha has conquered the hardships enumerated thus far, she comes now with repugnance to those over-developed textiles known as rugs. It is with many sighs that she toils to remove the familiar grey pallor and reproduce in the fabric a faint color vaguely reminiscent of the original.

There is no material reward for Martha's effort. There is only slight satisfaction in the knowledge that for a short period she will once more breathe pure air, undiluted with dust, but this is essentially cold comfort. To Martha is allowed only one conceit, one mark of distinction, one badge of honor. She bears her stigmata with pride. It is housemaid's knee.

Dante To Beatrice

I have heard the story of Francesca's grief,
Who floats forever on the Stygian wind
As helpless and as fragile as a leaf.
And in a deeper circle, those who sinned
Are numbed by sleet and hail; and I have seen
Confined forever to the realm of Dis
The poet, and the statesman, and the queen.
No other exile is so great as this.

For you I have descended into Hell.
With you I rose into the thin blue space
Above the shadowed wilderness that lies
Upon the country that I loved too well; '
I saw the starlight on your lovely face,
And found eternal wisdom in your eyes.

JOAN CARSON

Children's Books

—Land of Make-Believe

CATHERINE RICKERT

IT HAS been said that there is little else in nursery tales but the stuff of dreams. This fact we should keep in mind as we begin to scan the vast amount of material which presents itself for consideration when we mention "children's books".

Anyone who has ever watched a child grow and develop over a period of years cannot help being aware of his changing interests. Of course, it is interest which impels the child to find companionship and amusement in books. Surveys have warranted a generality on this subject and we can say, without fear of contradiction that each period in a child's development is marked by reading of a fairly well-defined type. While attempting to analyse the books the average child likes to read, we must, in order to make for completeness, discover the intrinsic qualities which attract him.

The pre-school child has an instinctive appreciation of rhythm which serves as a magnet between himself and nursery rhymes of the "Rock-a-By Baby" or "Pat-a-Cake" type. It is the unusual child who does not find a thoroughly satisfying delight in Mother Goose. As everything about him is vitally real to the four or five year old, he does not need to strain his imagination to conceive of animals, trees, and birds talking and generally carrying on like human beings. Hence, he delights in simple fairy tales; he laughs over Tom Thumb, shudders deliciously at the ghastly Giant Killer, and sympathizes with the lovely Snow White. Pinocchio and Little Black Sambo each has an especial appeal of his own.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Some parents, overzealous to protect their children from disturbing elements, make the unpardonable mistake of attempting to dilute, as it were, a story as they tell it. For example, we hear of a re-telling of the "Three Bears", the little tale attributed to Southey, which has become a part of our nursery literature. When the Baby Bear finds Goldilocks in his bed (in the censored version), he strokes her hair fondly, then chivalrously offers his furry paw to help her rise, while the monster Father Bear hides his paws behind him so as not to frighten the little girl. "I beg your pardon, Mr. and Mrs. Bear," says the polite child. "I will never do so again," and distributing checkerberries, she invites the bears to call upon her, and then runs home.

This is sacrilege! The vigor of the original is gone, and the small listener is robbed of the thrilling ending. Anathema be upon those who would reform the sacred gems of traditional child literature!

A. A. Milne's wonderful series about the remarkable and disarming Winnie the Pooh, and the lovable Christopher Robin, Eeyore, Piglet, Roo, and the rest of the merry tribe, have charmed many a child. The clever and simplified drawings are intriguing in themselves, while the narrative is truly a noble contribution to child literature.

It is while the child is young, even four or five, that the time is ripe to develop in him, through musical rhymes and even poetry, the sense of harmony and rhythm instinctively his. The Greeks, masters as they were of pedagogy, laid great stress on this branch of education. Plato once said: "You know also that the beginning is the chiefest part of any work." It is advisable then to see that a love of books is cultivated in children even of pre-school age.

As the child becomes a little older he passes through

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another stage of literary interests when surprise, liveliness, moralness and plot narrativeness have the primary appeal. Repetition and fancifulness run close seconds with children between the ages of six and nine. They like a story which centers attention on a child much like themselves. Animals, too, find admirers, and fairies will always, we hope, command the attention of those wistful souls who are not a little fairy-like themselves. It is a plain and established fact, uncomplimentary to us though it may be, that grown people have but slight recognition as story material.

Thornton Burgess has catered to youthful nature lovers, and the immortal Lang, Grimm, Anderson and Aesop have, among them, given satisfaction to the reading wants of every child. The moralness of the fables would seem to strike responsive chords of justice even in the young, while the fairy tales add the thrills and suspense that are so popular. The Oz Books are widely read because of their universal appeal. The story is centered around a little girl, Dorothy, and recounts her unique adventures with such fascinating characters as a cowardly lion who weeps as well as talks, a fine tin woodman, and an animated scarecrow, each a delight in himself.

Little books fascinate little children. Hundreds of "Peter Rabbits", "Benjamin Bunnies" and "Little Red Riding Hoods" vanish yearly from library shelves. Frances Olcott says of this: "Many libraries nowadays, keep these pigmy volumes under lock and key, lending them only to highly respectable infants."

During this period many children take great pleasure in reading Bible stories, colorful and vital as these are. Others prefer mythological tales from the Norse, Greek and Celtic legends. Balladic stories like the "Pied Piper" are always

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

popular for their sheer lyricism and fascinating plots. "Alice in Wonderland" and "Pinocchio" are but two more examples of the widely diversified selections in literature of children of this age. This diversity brings to mind something John Gay said:

*"Variety's the source of joy below,
From which still fresh revolving pleasures flow
In books. . ."*

From nine to sixteen, boys' literary interests pass through a "heroic period". Girls, however, still enjoy a flight into fancy and can still appreciate the world of their small brothers. Boys prefer Boy Scout books, "Robinson Crusoe", "Billy Whiskers", "Uncle Remus", and strangely enough, fairy tales. The girls, of course, adore "Black Beauty", "Little Women", Little Colonel series, "Little Men", and "The Old Fashioned Girl". The theme of pleasant home life with the pathos associated with the struggle of the proud with poverty finds in most girls a sympathetic reaction.

By the age of ten, the child has a fixed reading habit. Travel stories and tales of foreign lands pass through a period of high popularity. "Heidi" and the Twins series rank high at this stage.

The Lancaster list of the ten most popular children's books is interesting.

Little Women
Dr. Doolittle
Pinocchio
Heidi
Adventures of Tom Sawyer
Water Babies
Huckleberry Finn

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Swiss Family Robinson

Toby Tyler

The Little House in the Woods.

Most lists of this type show similar results. We can infer from other surveys that the dominating interest of girls is in fiction while the boys crave adventure. It is easy to see then why boys like biographies which are one outlet for the hero-worship complex which is rather common. Boys like rapid, violent action, fighting, and strenuous rivalry in their reading. While the average girl of twelve likes biography too, she prefers to read of Helen Keller and Joan of Arc.

About this time, the normal girl begins to show a dawning interest in adult fiction but her interests widely differ. I quote from Sister M. Celestine, O.S.U., in her Survey on the Reading Interests of Children of the elementary grades. "The girl of thirteen has a 'mountain top' view of life. She is fanciful, imaginative, self-analysing. She finds innocent diversion in fairy tales of the 'Prince Charming' type. Gene Stratton Porter's books with their tinge of sentimentality satisfy her longings. She is given to poetry, and not only reads it, but tries to express her own rhapsodies in verse. In her steadier moments she reads Wallace, Dickens, and Barrie. She has greater appreciation of Tarkington's "Seventeen" judged by the number of readers than the boys of her age. The mechanical interest of boys have no appeal for her. She is decidedly non-scientific and non-technical."

The emotions, then, we see, play a larger part in girls' stories. Girls don't mind a bit of crying now and then. The marked difference here between boys and girls is striking.

The precocious girl of this age should be kept as long as possible in the high realm of romance into which her nat-

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

ural instincts if encouraged will lead her, so that, as Frances Olcott says, "When her judgment is mature she may return 'trailing clouds of glory' from the world of romantic ideals which will help her to meet, in a nobler and truer fashion the problems of life."

While at fourteen the boy begins to seek reading material in magazines and periodicals, the girl continues to read books with an avidness which frequently predetermines the inveterate adult reader.

As we see the portals of the high school open to receive these boys and girls at fifteen, we take leave of them, feeling well-assured, as we turn them over to capable hands that they have received a substantial background from the children's books to prepare them for contact with the classics.

Thus we have seen the scope of child literature. We have come to realize that it is that body of literature new and old which by drawing upon their intellectual and emotional experiences, children can understand, interpret, and therefore appreciate. We have seen how important it is to put the child on the right track early in life to predispose him for truly great literature when he matures.

As we think of a wistful child, seeking the indescribable, known only to himself, in books, and remarkably, finding precisely what he wants, we can but echo the sentiments of the poet Wordsworth speaking of the child:

*"See at his feet some little plan or chart
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learned art;
A wedding or a festival
A mourning or a funeral,
And this bath now his heart."*

The Painter's Heart

—Browning's *Andrea del Sarto*

IRENE MAHONEY

Silver-gray—not even that, more the grayness of melting snow—of unpainted houses is the tone of “Andrea del Sarto”. Silver is a slender word, hope-filled and tall. There is nothing silver in despair—not in the squalid, flat despair that never even reaches up to achingness. This is the gray dullness that is relentless, unchangeable.

No one could be more despicable than Lucrezia, except, perhaps, the faultless painter, her husband; nothing could be closer to nothingness than the existence of their souls. Majesty and grandeur are completely missing, while potential greatness is so agonizingly present that we would like to beat with our hearts against the dormancy of soul that we can no longer endure. And yet we know from the beginning that it would be a futile beating, for we have no faith and our hope has no more stable basis than desire.

It is not a poem of reality, but of things that might have been. There might have been no lover's whistle—no lover's gambling debts for Andrea to pay. Lucrezia when she turned her face to him might have brought her heart. She could have come to him at Fontainebleau—together, they might have enjoyed the smiles of Francis and the admiration and homage of those “frank, French eyes”. Surely then Andrea could,

*... sometimes leave the ground,
Put on the glory of Rafael's daily wear*

and make it his “daily wear”, too. Then it would have been a life of color—a glorious, golden life, and then it is that

THE PAINTER'S HEART

the gray despair is deeper than before—the desire of our hope slips before us into the mist—

And if Lucrezia had been different—? Andrea would have been the same, loving with a passion that was neither flame-red nor austere white, never magnificently, never abandonedly. He could never keep the plume of his love unsullied through battle—he would be grovelling in the dirt with it until it was caked stiff with mud; then trembling he would hand it to his beloved with faltering words and mouthed apologies. Thus would he give his life, shambling and shamefacedly. And if she flung it scornfully at his feet he would fall pleading beside, babbling for just one smile—a pitifully dirty troubadour with ragged courage and muddy plume. We wish so fervently that he could hold his banner high, ride gallantly through battle and when Milady scorns his tribute, then how violently we wish he could throw it in her face, gallantly, politely, with the gesture of a king.

How Cyrano would have scoffed at the cringing affection of this one who could

*. . . do what many dream of all their lives,
Dream? Strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing.*

Cyrano, who could bestow a cup of wine with the magnificence of a God—and Andrea, the flawless painter, whose gift was great almost to perfection and who renounced it like a beggar cringing on his knees. He did not have the breath of soul to hate. Hatred was too big a thing for him. And how he should have hated Lucrezia, with a violence that would have made his paintings so full of rage and fire—so full of soul that they “would bring the sweat into the brow” of Rafael.

How even a second of hatred would lift the tone of

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dragging gray—would color it with flames or fire or light—would pierce the mist, even if only to reveal the violence of hell. But there is no hatred, no light and, I think, no sound. Sound means life and hope—it has color and warmth. But I think there is no sound. When Lucrezia walks you cannot hear her slippers clicking against the marble floor; Andrea's brush makes no sound when it sweeps across the canvas; when the logs fall in the fireplace, they go silently—gray spirit logs which light a fire without flame. All the sounds are outside sounds—the whistle of Lucrezia's lover, the chapel bell in Fiesole, but

*Inside the melancholy house
We built to be so gay with*

there can be only silence.

And Lucrezia? She had a gift of beauty—more than her share; so to balance the account, her heart was small, too small for love even if she wished to place love there—though we cannot blame her if she locked it tight against Andrea's passion. But her rejection did not come because she saw his weakness and despised it; Cyrano could have loved her with the recklessness of all his heart; he could have addressed his impassioned pleas to her and forgot Roxanne. It would have meant the same to her as the pitiful adoration of her husband. She had a gift of smiling at one and nodding to the other—so she would have smiled or nodded at Cyrano to please her fancy. And his letters, with his heart in every word? They would be pretty things to show her friends and read to them if the words were not all too hard . . . charming squares of paper to keep well-sacheted and tied with ribbons, wide blue, heavy ribbon—expensive ribbon—proper to a lady of beauty and title. All his letters, neatly folded and unread.

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EDITORIAL

Down to a System

With the proper formula one is assured any success. Mr. Carnegie was not entirely wrong when he codified the science of winning friends in a dozen superficial rules. Surely the passive abilities to be a good listener, flatter indiscriminately, and talk about subjects in which the other fellow is interested will encourage friendship.

A few charming phrases can be the *open sesame* in fields of endeavor besides friendship. Whether the passwords admit one beyond the outer court is another matter. Technique is a fine, smooth covering, but there must be something to cover or it sags.

You probably have heard the cynical remark about someone who went to college "but it didn't hurt him a bit." One does not need an active insulation against education. By relaxing passively and letter writing in class and studious avoidance of the library one can easily escape knowledge and its attendant effort.

A *line* is applicable in examination rooms as well as on moonlit verandas. Surely, you argue, it is as wrong to deceive him-in-the-tux as it is to deceive a professor. The distinction lies in the amount of deception of oneself. While it does little harm for one to convince herself—along with the audience—that she is Glamour, the results of academic insincerity are more unfortunate.

The pat phrases of the academic *line* can be memorized from a good outline or brief review book of the course—preferably the night before the examination. The results of six cups of coffee and six hours on an outline are invariable—complete mastery of the course . . . for at least twelve hours.

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For most undergraduates here, New Rochelle is the final opportunity for formal education. The courses are important or else they would not be required or elected. New Rochelle boasts no *open air* classes. The knowledge must last a lifetime and it is impossible for even the finest education to influence a life if it is a vital part of that life only on January 18, 9-12. Examinations are to find out how much the student knows. But if he crams violently the night before, after ignoring the course all term, he only misleads the professor and cheats himself.

It would be indeed time-saving if such a concentrated dose of the course would remain as knowledge. But it has been psychologically proven that material crammed lasts for only a short time after it has been reproduced on paper.

If one is considered educated and has a sufficiently convincing *line* to continue the pretense, no one need know how little college "hurt" him. There are, unfortunately, moments of reckoning when such shams are made apparent. They might come when one is found inadequately prepared for a job after having majored in the subject and having acquired an A on the midyears; or when one is unable to defend Christian principles before an alert atheist; or when one finds life pointless and too long.

A college education is forever. A Catholic college should teach one—along with specific courses—how to live and what to live for. A college graduate should be identified by actions, not by a diploma. After all B.As. don't wear their mortarboards and gowns in the streets any more.

In four years one should learn more than an examination technique and how to cheat oneself. In that time he should have acquired enough knowledge to know which way wisdom lies.

If You're Reading—

Mary in Her Scapular Promises. JAMES MATHIAS HAFFERT.
Sea Isle City, N. J.: The Scapular Press, 1940.

Of all the titles by which the Mother of God is honored, there are few more full of promise than *Mary, Mother of the Scapular of Mt. Carmel!* There are also few that are more misunderstood. The superstition or indifference that cling to the little brown and white piece of cloth that is the scapular constitute a sadly unnecessary leakage from the channels of grace.

To combat this difficulty, James Mathias Haffert has written a book covering the scapular question completely. The whole problem suddenly becomes clear at Mr. Haffert's hand. For all available data on the scapular—its origin, meaning, historicity, and fulfillment—are gathered together here for the first time. It follows that every sentence of the book is significant. Reading it, we find that all obscurity fades away.

Mr. Haffert lays special emphasis on Mary's part in our salvation as the Mediatrix of all grace, and shows the foundations on which the title is built. Since there are many who feel that this belief will be a dogma of faith in the near future, he has looked ahead, and emphasized it wisely.

The note of authority with which Mr. Haffert writes is indicative of untiring research. The bibliography confirms the indication. He deserves the gratitude of his readers for a total lack of sentimentality, and an unfailing adherence to facts, not to apocryphal fancy. Perhaps, it is this very precision and restraint which gives to the book such a persuasive tone and such a compelling force. It is impossible to read the book and at the same time remain indifferent to Mary, the Queen of the Scapular.

RUTH FOX

The Family. NINA FEDEROVA (MRS. ANTONINI RIASA-NOVSKY). Boston: Little Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Book), 1940.

"We have dispensed with killing in our personal affairs, we fight no duels. . . . But the trend of international politics is not as yet unchanged." For the grandmother of "The Family" there was never any escape from the paradoxes of life. In her intensive Christian spirit she loved mankind as a whole, longed for peace and kindness above everything—and here she was blessing her people to go forth and be killed!

In restrained, clear, discriminating tones Nina Federova sees and makes her reader see. She does not rest at the outward events of her characters' lives; she would lay hold of their very souls and it is this which gives this brilliant novel such an extraordinary truth and value. Her portraits are of substantial people, filling us with an intense sense of reality. Looking into our own lives we know that their secret vicissitudes are true. Such art might be comparatively independent of thought and incident.

Life is naturally hard in poverty and exile. So be it! For wonderful is the freedom of the human soul. The Family's abode in 1937 was a boarding house located in Tientsin, China, where its members managed to live on practically nothing. This Family was Russian—ex-big, ex-great, ex-prosperous. Besides the wise and tolerant Granny, there was Mother, soul of great misfortune, with a nature of hidden fire, of internal combustion, and the rarer the explosions were, the more they shook her; Peter, tall, blond and handsome, the eldest male representative of the family, whose presence always silent and quiet, had a strange quality; Lida, the daughter of the family who felt that life was wonderful

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since she had fallen in love; and finally Dima, the eight year old nephew whose ideal in life was to own a dog.

"Life took on a peculiar aspect for each member of the Family. It was a religious and philosophical problem for Granny, a hard exercise in housekeeping for Mother, a tragedy of constantly wounded ambition for Peter, a lyric rise and fall for Lida, and perpetual fun for Dima."

But altogether their tremendous hardships and tribulations should prove of interest to those who are concerned with the outcome of immense intolerance that has reared high its head in world events today. It is a superb story told with a feminine understanding and appreciation. The tremendous impact of the novel is heightened by the author's shrewd picture of human nature in moments of shattering crisis.

The hand of fate intervenes dramatically upon the life of the Family when a most diversified lot of people take shelter in the boarding house. We are introduced to a mysterious Chinese professor, a shabby old woman who professes to be a former fortune teller, a wealthy English lady who is constantly inebriated, an exiled Jewish doctor who philosophised and wrote letters to Hitler and Mussolini, three rather furtive Japanese creatures, peculiar servants and various travellers from other lands.

So skillfully is the novel written, so suave and interesting is its style, that the Epilogue which concludes the book is definitely necessary. Without it many readers would be slow to perceive the underlying meaning of the narrative.

The author, moved by compassion, courage and integrity, makes this plea—"We all, in spite of our social distinctions, are 'one Family,' quarreling now and fighting and killing each other, and yet fundamentally one Family of human beings—you see!"

MARILYN BROPHY

Faith for Living. LEWIS MUMFORD. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1940.

In *Faith for Living* Mr. Mumford has written a dynamic, supremely rational document in denunciation of Fascism and has issued a compelling call to all thinking people to awake to the perilous, imminent deluge of barbarism which threatens not only democracy but all civilization. By being devoid of emotional hysteria and by presenting incontestable truths, Mr. Mumford's message is one we may take to our hearts without reservation.

Fascism Mr. Mumford bluntly describes as a reversion to the primitive. In cold appraisal yet with terms vitriolic he strips Fascism of all its pretensions and in the harsh light of true analysis presents it as a religion of blatant barbarism. Permanent peace he declares impossible until Fascism is swept from the world of men. The effect of his words is heightened by his revelation of American capitalism as an excellent foundation for militarism and a possible promoter of Fascism.

In *Faith for Living* the author admits a depressing lack of opposition strong enough or concerted enough to combat effectively the brutal supremacy of Fascism. He has nothing but contempt for the so-called liberalism prevalent in the democratic world of today. It is an evil almost as detrimental to human progress as totalitarianism. He abjures the liberal's misconceived notion of fatuous tolerance and smug optimism of eventual peace through the ascendancy of the intellect over brute force.

In Christianity Mr. Mumford finds an enemy of Fascism which might have proved effective but which by reason of its loss of universality is now hopelessly inadequate. He offers for the salvation of this civilization a mode of life which

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embraces ethics, accepts the brotherhood of man, and includes the willingness to sacrifice for others. He presents an air-tight case for the necessity of revamping ideas and practices in regard to family, country, and self.

In this book the author's sincerity is unquestionable, and his studious, dispassionate approach to this vital problem by its very essence awakens the reader to the momentousness of the present crisis and to the fatal consequences of inertia. *Faith for Living* is an imperious summons to think.

JOAN FALLON

The Schoolmaster of Yesterday. MILLARD FILLMORE KENNEDY. Whittlesey House, 1940.

General phases of life in the United States from the days after the Revolution to the present have been written of in both fiction and non-fiction. *The Schoolmaster of Yesterday* by Millard Fillmore Kennedy is a most absorbing book and, as the title might indicate, deals more specifically with one particular aspect of the time. It is a three generation story and tells of the teaching experiences of Mr. Kennedy, his father, and his grandfather from 1820 to 1919—just one year short of a century.

We moderns, brought up and educated in an atmosphere of amazing inventions and conveniences, cannot conceive of the hardships endured by the pioneers in this nation. Many of these hardships are described in this narrative which is true, and the incidents recounted occurred in a typical rural area of Indiana.

When Grandfather Kennedy took over his duties as a schoolmaster, he was twenty years old. Serving in the same capacity, his son was seventeen, when he, in turn, took up the birch rod; his grandson began his professorial career at

nineteen. This may appear remarkable because they had such little formal education and because of the fact that today merely a college degree is often not sufficient to obtain a position. We are told, in the book, of the relations existing between the teacher and his pupils. The classroom was his small domain and his laws were to be respected there. Outside of it they were just good friends, and the teacher who did not partake in the boys' games during the noon hour was indeed uncommon.

An interesting anecdote is related concerning Ben Kennedy, the author's father, who was offered a position in a certain county where an examination of the candidate was required. The oral test consisted of the following three questions: 1. "When and by whom was America discovered?" 2. "If sugar is six and a quarter cents a pound, how many pounds could be purchased with fifty cents?" 3. "Correct this sentence: 'Me and Mary is playing.'" Is it necessary to add that he fared well and secured the appointment?

The Schoolmaster of Yesterday is a thoroughly enjoyable combination of biography and autobiography. Mr. Kennedy has succeeded notably well in portraying a vivid and realistic picture of "yesterday."

CORNELIA GASPARI

Letters on Poetry from W. B. YEATS to DOROTHY WELLESLEY. New York: Oxford University Press, 1940.

This is a collection of letters exchanged between the English poet, Lady Dorothy Wellesley, and Irish William Butler Yeats during the last four years of the latter's life. Therein lies the value of the book. It proves in a less beautiful and less subtle way just what Yeats' *Last Poems and Plays* proves: namely, that the poet's mind and sensations

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were most vigorous, most acute, most capable of profound poetry when he was an old man. The artistic impulse never left him.

In reading through the mystic, lyrical beauty of his poetry you may search deeply and yet not find the man Yeats. Here, he is Yeats who has Ireland in his heart, the quicksilver of dreams, words, and music in his mind—and illness in his body. He stands, a clear picture.

I do not think this book is pertinent for the understanding of the poet's earlier works; in fact, I think it would almost hinder the concept of the poet derived from such reading. But before attempting *Last Poems and Plays* this is an interesting background. In the letters some of the intense poetry of that volume appears under discussion, analysis, and change.

After reading the letters you can better comprehend Yeats' depth of creative power, his interest in philosophical poetry, his ideas on conflicts producing passion, which is a holding down of violence or madness, in poetry. He believes in the formula "natural words in the natural order"; in the desire to think wisely, yet write in the words of the common man. "I live in excitement," he says, and you understand it from the vital poetry of his agile mind, even though he is bed-ridden.

He is perplexed between the poles of spiritual virtue and intensified desire, the madness of a vision which sees such subtle relations between separate things—his "double swan and shadow" he calls it.

Lady Wellesley's collection, published with Mrs. Yeats' consent, is an interesting passage, a source for students to know not just the Yeats of Irish fairies and folk poems, but the very life blood of the man and of the poet.

DOROTHY ZWIER

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